New York, April 26th.

Dear Friend,

You are welcome home! though you have returned so quickly, that I had but just got ready to address you in Haiti. I am afraid I have seemed negligent, but I do assure you it is no negligence of the heart. You have no idea how things crowd upon my attention. I suppose you are aware that, from the beginning, I have had the entire charge of the paper, unassisted by any individual, and you may well suppose that a woman is obliged to take more pains than a man would do, in order to avoid any inaccuracy or oversight in state affairs. At any event, I cannot find an hour for reading unconnected with the paper; and I verily believe I should neglect the rambles, which are so necessary for the health of body and mind, were they not necessary to furnish me with materials for my New York Letters.

In view of this state of things, I pray you excuse my apparent negligence and ingratitude; bearing in mind that I was every week meaning to write. Accept my thanks en masse for various little kindnesses, deeply felt at the time, though not duly acknowledged. Such as Lord Morpeth's buttons, Father Mathew's medal, and above all, the letter of encouragement and cheer, written in the haste of departure. It touched my heart that you should stop, at such a time, to comfort my despondency.

I rejoice to hear of Mr. Chapman's amended health, & that you don't come. I am glad Caroline & Anna are coming.

I James Gibbons will go crazy, if you don't come. I do hope we shall see you both at the anniversary. I believe James Gibbons will go crazy, if you don't come. I am glad Caroline & Anna are coming.

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I have at times felt the weight of the paper severely; but I seldom yield to such moods. When I let out my heart to Mr. Loring, on one such occasion, I did it in strict confidence, not supposing any other mortal would see the letter, and lo, it was answered, by E. G. L. by Maria Chapman, Caroline Weston, Wendell Phillips, Henrietta Sargent, J. G. King, and James R. Lowell! It is not worth while to talk about it; but the Standard has many secret enemies, who swear by the all the arts of hocus pocus that it shall not stand. Now, by the helmeted Minerva, fresh from her father's brain, I swear it shall! There lies my glove! Let him lift it who will!

In your parting letter, you seemed to forebode some new division among us; and Caroline's letter seems to imply some such thought in her own mind. Rest you easy. No division will ever come through my agency. It is my earnest wish to have all true friends of the slave stand in as close a phalanx as possible. I am indeed fretted, at times, with Rogers's remarkable want of judgment; for it does seem as if the Evil-one helped him to say just the very things, and in the very way, our opponents want him to. But these things can in no degree alter my high respect for his moral worth, and my confidence in his unchangeable truth. I shall be glad when he leaves off palavering that hypocritical whiffler and traitor, J. C. Jackson. That man is the worst enemy old organization has. He uses his old friendships for the most insidious party purposes, that is, according to my belief. He is all the time spreading honey-

Remember me with most affectionate respect to the excellent family in Chauncey Place; and give sincere love to your sunny trio of sisters. Tell Lee and Joseph I want to hear from them.

drops on his web, and Garrison and Rogers catch them up, and make their best bow to him. I am glad our friends got insulted at the Albany Convention. The next time they are gulled into co-operation with a Third Party, I hope they will get kicked bodily, as well as spiritually. I am weary of seeing the honest and the true cajoled by the artful and the treacherous. Why on earth can't they let them alone? neither giving them notoriety by invective, nor countenance by standing on the same platform. I felt insulted to be invited to the Massachusetts Anniversary together with J. C. Jackson; yet you in that quarter have the same opportunities to judge of his moral obliquities that I have. I do not think James is a worse man than many others, who are opposed to the old organization; but I do think his peculiar position, as the professed friend of both sides, gives him peculiar facilities for doing mischief; facilities, which he by no means omits to use.

I hope we shall have a good, inspiriting anniversary. But above all things, I hope there will be no attempt to call the Irish together. In the first place, their moral and intellectual state is such, that they might about as well attempt to call the dogs together for any purpose of reform; and in the next place the present crisis is peculiarly unfavorable. The state of excitement on the Catholic School Question is intense; and war is liable at any moment to break out between the Catholic and Protestant Irish. Bishop Hughes, as you know, has come out against abolition; and this would bring us into the dance at once. We have already had one frightful mob, and a battle between the contending factions; and everybody expects a worse one, election-week. I should have no objection to running this risk, if any good were likely to result from it.

Remember me with most affectionate respect to the excellent family in Chauncy Place; and

Do come to the anniversary. Yrs truly, S. M. Grid.

Don't forget a most kind and respectful remembrance to your good husband.

But this system of exciting the ignorant Irish by the use of O'Connell's name, strikes me as work that peculiarly belongs to the Third Party. Both the tools and the materials belong to them. If the Address has any effect on that excitable population, it will be merely to drive them to the polls to vote for third party, or to the hotels to knock down slave-holders: and this will send the opposite faction to knock down abolitionists: for voting and beating are all the moral agencies they have any idea of. For my part, I want no such materials for our cause.

Maria W. Chapman.
Chauncy Place.
Boston.

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You must excuse me for burning the Sonnets from Ireland, which you had the kindness to copy for the Standard. I try not to be over-fastidious in my literary taste, as you may well imagine by some things I consent to put in the paper; but really those were two execrable. They should be sent to Geo. Bourne, or anybody else that likes "devil's broth with sulphur ficins", as John King says. I thought it not unlikely that some in Massachusetts might think I did wrong in declining to publish the non-resistance resolutions. I can only say that the very existence of the Standard depends on its not being identified with the Non Resistance movement. The only way it can be made to sustain itself, is as an acceptable pa

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